

OH, BOY!

Two ladies say that a boy one day: His legs were bristly scratched, His clothes were blue, but a nut-brown hue...

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From the Issue of The Free Press of Thursday, June 27th, 1915

With the mercury below fifty outside, the churches had rather a chilly atmosphere on Sunday. Unusual for a summer day in the last week of June.

There were thirty-nine candidates at the Entrance examinations at Acton High School. Twenty-one of these were from the Entrance Class of Acton Public School.

The event of the week was the registration of citizens under the regulations of the Canada Registration Board. 1,897 persons registered in Acton. With the children under 16 enumerated on the cards the total number of people represented by the cards is about 2,200.

Saturday was Tag Day in Acton when the Duke of Devonshire Chapter took this method of raising funds for the purchase of soldiers' comforts. The lady collectors gathered in \$302.47.

At the ripe age of eighty-five years, Sarah E. Priest, widow of the late Rev. William Byers, passed away at her home in Napanee on the 19th of June. Mrs. Byers was twice a resident of Acton with her husband and family. Thirty-five years ago Rev. Mr. Byers was minister of the Methodist Church, and then after he retired they selected Acton as their home.

MARRIED

HARDING-SWINDLEHURST-In Erin, at the Methodist Parsonage, on Tuesday, June 16th, 1915, by the Rev. J. Melvin Smith, Frederic Harding, Limehouse, to Miss Millie Swindlehurst, Ballinafad.

SLATS DIARY

OLIVER N. WARREN Sunday: I went to S. S. this a. m. and remained for the sermon by the preacher and honored him by shaking hands when every boddy went out at the door. When I arrived home my parents and I were a good boy but Uncle Heil said he did not see how that could be. Suppose he is agnost religion. Monday: They are some thing wrong with the Oovis. I am of putting referlers to work. Pa got 1 of them to mow our lawn and told me to assist him but before long it seemed like he were assisting me. Very little to do. But he were nice showing me how to operate the lawn mower. Tuesday: It looks like this vacation our school leaves me to do as much of a success. It rains so much that the weeds in the garden grow off fast and the water in the creek are so middle, the water don't seem to be able to see a worm. The E. B. diamond is full of mud. And they is other draw backs that helps take the joy out of being a free citizen. Wednesday: Are family exchequer short of funds today and Ma told Pa to go to Mister Reddykaasha bank and borrow \$0 \$ \$. Pa said it wasn't no use to try that becose he cudden prove that he dosent need it. Thursday: Jane and Elay come along and I walked down toards town with same. I got to telling how I am going to have lots of pepul under me when I grow up. Elay said Big Contractor I suppose. But Jane ruint it all by this crack. No he is a going to mow the grass in a grave yd. So now I am thinking up a skeam to get even with her. Friday: We was out driving in the car and Pa had a hold of the wheel with only 1 hand and Na said that are mighty riskey. I no it is Pa replide becose many a felloe has ran into a preacher thataway. I wandered why but Ma seemed to no. Judging by the way she sctked. And also lookt. Saturday: Bilateres Pa and Ma has got a new babe at Bilateres house. Mister Gillem sat Bilaters are it a boy or what and Bilaters replide he suppose it are a what becose he seen his Ma put powder on it. I am glad us boys dont haft to be powdered and smell that funny way.

THE OLD MAN OF THE BIG CLOU TOWER



THE USE OF FLOWERS

God might have made the earth bring forth Enough for great or small; The oak tree and the cedar tree Without a flower at all. We might have had enough, enough For every want of ours— For luxury, medicine, and toll, And yet have had no flowers. Then wherefore, wherefore are they made. All dyed with rainbow light, All fashioned with supernal grace, Upspringing day and night; Springing in valleys green and low And on the mountain high, And in the silent wilderness Where no man passes by? Our outward life requires them not— Then wherefore had they birth? To minister delight to man. To beautify the earth, To comfort man, to whisper hope, Where'er his faith is dim, For who careth for the flowers Will care much more for Him. —Mary Howitt. My, how I've been enjoying myself at Churchill, especially on Sunday. I've known most of the folks around there, as well as I've known those in Acton. The Dennys, Swackhamers, Zimmermans, Smiths, Snyders, Johnstons, Masals and other families I can't recall at the moment were all known and I've always respected them. Their descendants have been doing a mighty fine work at "the Hill," and I never saw the church and grounds look finer than they did on Sunday. The care of the cemetery was a treat to see indeed and Jack Mackenzie and Nelson Moore were both delighted with results which have been secured here. I imagine most of you got a copy of the little booklet and the history is most complete in it. So complete in fact that it leaves no room for comment from me. The Churchill folks are to be congratulated and Mary and I sure enjoyed the gathering immensely. And now we'll take a look back for sixty-five or seventy years to recollections of Bower Avenue when Mr. Johnson left the property it was purchased by Dr. Robert Morrow, who was for many years a medical practitioner here, and conducted a drug store, in partnership with his brother, John, in the store built by Dr. McGarvin, where Harold Wiles' confectionary store is now located. Dr. Morrow first disposed of the part of the farm east of the railway tracks Eli Snyder secured this property. He built a small house and a big barn on

this farm, between sixty-five and seventy years ago. Later he built the fine two-story brick residence known as the Wallace home, where Mr. and Mrs. George Soper have resided for ten years or so. At least one of the three members of his family were born in this home. During Mr. Wallace's possession of the property, Dr. W. H. Macdonald, Mrs. Wallace's brother-in-law, he was familiarly called—died there. Mrs. Wallace also passed away in this home. For some time Dr. Morrow retained the balance of the property, but some fifty or sixty-five years ago Thomas C. Moore bought the strip from the head of Frederick Street eastward to the railway, and back to the pond. This made a acre, which has since been sub-divided into eight or nine properties or more. Mr. Moore, who was himself a builder, erected the two-story house, now owned by the Orr family, as a residence for his family. It was also the place where Mrs. Thomas Moore, Sr., passed away—the mother of the Moore family of this community. She came from Belfast, Ireland, in the spring of 1833, and died in this home, during a visit to her son and family, in November, 1881. This property has since been owned by Joseph Anderson; his brother, William; James McIntosh; and now by Alex. Orr and his sisters. Dr. Morrow thought a lot of the property he retained. When he purchased it there was no pond on the property. The old dam which was used by the Holt Woolen Mill away back seventy-five to eighty years ago, had gone out long before the Doctor came to Acton. He built a bridge over the creek behind the barn and pastured his horse and cow in the field across the creek. There was splendid trout fishing in the creek through the property; from the culvert to the willows, which grew where the Hydro-Electric power house and the Stephenson home now stand, and on through under the bridge on Main Street, and on to Fairy Lake. Dr. Morrow seldom did any fishing himself but he didn't like any fisherman to get in and catch too many of the speckled beauties. About the time the devotee of Isaac Walton had gotten two or three good ones, and was baiting for another big one in a hole he knew well, the Doctor would happen along to see how the horse and cow were getting along, or to see if the fence were up all right. He'd quietly advise the fisherman that he was on private property and it was time to move on. But many a good trout ten to fourteen inches long was secured by local anglers from the stream through the Doctor's fields. In 1874—let's see, that pretty near sixty-five years ago, isn't it—the present dam was built by William Stephenson for Acton Plow Company. That flooded a large section of the Doctor's pasture field and he didn't like it a bit. But when he had a lawyer examine the deeds he held it was found that the easements of the old Woolen Mill dam were still in force, and Dr. Morrow could do nothing but grin and bear it. When the dam was completed, and the retained water began to creep up to high water mark posts, the matter put on quite a serious aspect for the Doctor. The little twelve foot bridge was now useless. A new two-span bridge and about 100 feet of approaches with crib work retainers were now necessary, if the pasture was to be of any service. The bridge and approaches were duly built. In the meantime the pond became well stocked with trout and fishing was better than ever. The bridge and approaches made splendid vantage ground for the fisherman, and was used as such with impunity. This naturally annoyed the owner and he chased off the trespassers. Nothing daunted, the most daring of the boys would then paddle down the pond from the culvert on rafts and renew this piscatorial sport. Between the boys on the bridge, and in his orchard in the fall, the Doctor had a busy and not very pleasant task. Fifty-five years ago, yes, up to forty-five years ago, there was splendid trout fishing in this old pond. Good-sized fish were caught from the bridge, from the shores all around, and from boats and rafts. Every spring, in the month of May, all who fished got trout. Some were expert fishermen and they got more. Among the most ardent sportmen were Principal T. T. Moore, Charles W. Hill, Jim and George Wilds, H. P. Moore, C. C. Speight, John Vincent, Charlie Cook, Ed. McGarvin, Jock McLennan, Morris Sayers and Jim Burns. There were others of course but these anglers could all be counted on as ready for a throw, especially if it was raining a little, or looked like rain. In the course of time the pond got pretty well fished out, and then the

REQUESTS GUNS



Charging that the sea was "covered with Japanese boats and nets," Capt. J. E. Shields, of the American fishing fleet in Alaskan waters has radioed the Alaska Fishermen's Union in Seattle, requesting arms and ammunition for two American fishing vessels. U.S. officials announced the arms would be sent. At the same time U.S. coastguard boats were dispatched to the Bering Sea to avert what is threatening to become open warfare between the U.S. and Japanese fishermen. Canadian fishermen have long complained of the encroachment of the Japanese on Canadian fishing grounds.

Firstbrook boys built their trout ponds up near the source of the stream where the trout usually went up to spawn, and that affected the natural increase year by year. To-day I am told, the pond is pretty well filled up with catfish, bass and suckers.

Well, in the course of time, Dr. Morrow sold this property and removed to Guelph, and there the dear old Doctor passed away.

If the old pond could speak, it could relate some great anecdotes. The delightful swimming in the good old summer time; the splendid skating and shinney matches when Jack Frost was busy in the winter; the near-drownings year after year; the ice harvests, and so forth.

The part of the Adams property owned by Dr. Morrow was sold to Hon. David Henderson. Mr. Henderson got the old Adams house, the barn, the farm yard, the chicken pen, the pond, the orchard and the land down to Thomas Moore's line fence. Mr. Henderson made a subdivision of it, which proved very popular. He reserved a fine site for his own splendid residence; all other sites were sold and every lot has been built upon, and this is now one of the finest sections of the town. These properties all front on Bower Avenue and Willow Street. In the survey one new street was Allison Avenue—so named for his only daughter, Mrs. Dr. McKeague, of Winnipeg, which runs from Bower Avenue to the pond, between the Glove Factory and the vacant lot.

The properties on this survey are: The United Church Parsonage, on the corner of Bower Avenue and Willow Streets, Knox Church Manse, the homes of J. A. Price, the Gamble house and Charlie Mason's home, on Willow Street. The residence of Mrs. W. J. Gould, ex-Warden Amos Mason and John Kenney. Then the property of the Canada Glove Works, which took the site of the old barn and barnyard and part of the orchard. This fine factory was erected by W. H. Storey over fifty years ago. There are two vacant lots east of the glove factory, but these belong to that property. For years they were the bowling green, but since Acton Athletic Association has opened such splendid greens, these lots have not been used. Eastward from here there are ten semi-detached houses. Fifty-five years ago Acton grew so rapidly that we ran out of houses. To remedy the scarcity in some degree, Acton Building Association was organized, with Mr. Storey as the President. William Firstbrook of Toronto was given the contract of building these ten houses. They were erected for about \$1,000 each. Many and many a family they have housed. Many a wedding has taken place under their roofs, many a babe has come to bless the homes in this terrace, and from the homes there many a dear one has been carried out to be laid at rest in our beautiful Fairview. The houses are now nearly all owned by the occupants, and Acton Building Association long ago disbanded. The last house eastward on this section of Dr. Morrow's property is the sub-

stantial two-story brick, now owned by former Reeve C. H. Harrison, but erected by Mr. W. D. Anderson, who for years owned the Thos. C. Moore's Property adjoining.

These are a few of my recollections of Bower Avenue and its residents, but there'll be more if I have an opportunity to pen them.

The Old Man

"Men are less prone to nervous troubles than women but much more prone to imaginative troubles." — John Cowper Powys.

ALMOST PERSONAL

"I understand," said a young woman to another, "that at your church you are having small congregations. Is that so?" "Yes," answered the second girl, "so small that every time the rector says, 'Dearlly beloved,' you feel as if you have received a proposal."

WHAT SHE LEARNED

Little Dora returned from her first visit to Sunday School. Father: "What did my little daughter learn this afternoon?" Little Dora: "That I am a child of Satan."

CERTAINLY NOT

"I understand, Bridget that late last night you had a policeman in to supper, and that he finished the cold mutton." "Well, ma'am, you can't expect me to start cooking hot meals for any policeman at that time of night!"

HE KNEW IT WAENT TRUE

A very old resident of the town was reported to have died. Many people called, only to find that the old man was hale and hearty. He smiled when they told him of the report, saying: "I knowed it wasn't true as soon as I heard it."

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CANADIAN CATTLE IN U. S.

According to the statistics of the United States Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, 243,000 head of Canadian cattle were imported into the United States during 1935 to the value of \$12,078,000, as against 199,000 head at 7,882,000 in 1934, an increase of 23.1 per cent. in quantity and 53.8 per cent. in value for 1935 over the previous year. Included in the cattle imports were 81,000 head of animals weighing less than 175 pounds, valued at \$1,246,000, as against 64,000 head at \$752,000 in 1934, a gain of 43.5 per cent. in quantity and 65.2 per cent. in value. Dairy cows numbered 19,000—the same as in 1934, but the value of the 1937 consignments was \$425,000 compared with \$352,000 in 1934 an increase of 17.8 per cent. Shipments of cattle weighing 700 lbs. or over from Canada to the United States in 1937 amounted to 157,000 head at \$11,007,000, compared with 136,000 head at \$6,878,000 in 1934, a gain of 15.4 per cent in quantity and 60.3 per cent in value.

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